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**THE BLACK VAN
by ROBERTS!**



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The Disenchantment

episode 3




AFTER A LONG DAY; TREKKING THROUGH HARSH WOODLANDS, THE CARAVAN IS FINALLY RELIEVED TO HAVE ARRIVED AT AASHEN CASTLE...

...AND ALL THE PROTECTION IT'S MIGHTY WALLS WOULD OFFER TO WEARY TRAVELLERS.



THE ROYAL TRAIN OF MEN AND BAGGAGE ENTERS THE MASSIVE FORTRESS UNDER THE SUSPICIOUS GAZE OF MEN AT ARMS.



I BID YOU WELCOME AGATHA TO ASHEN CASTLE. IT HAS BEEN A LONG WAIT, I FEARED THE WORSE, THAT YOU MAY HAVE FALLEN PREY TO BRIGANDS AND OUTLAWS.

I HOPE THE JOURNEY WAS NOT TOO DIFFICULT. THE LAND OF AASHEN IS STILL WILD AND UNTAMED WITH MANY DANGERS ABOUT



YOUR MAJESTY, THE JOURNEY WAS LONG AND TIRING. PLEASE FORGIVE ME IF I REQUEST A BIT OF TIME FOR ME AND MY PARTY TO RETIRE TO CHAMBERS BEFORE WE PROCEED WITH MATTERS OF STATE

BY ALL MEANS, BARONESS. AS MY FUTURE QUEEN, CASTLE AASHEN IS OPEN TO YOU AND YOUR SERVANTS. COME, I WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR CHAMBERS

I THANK YOU YOUR MAJESTY.



YOU SHALL MAKE A LOVELY QUEEN, BARONESS. YOUR BEAUTY IS THE BEACON OF LIGHT IN THESE DARK DISPIRITED LANDS

I SEE THAT YOUR MAJESTY IS AN ACCOMPLISHED FLATTERER




I ONLY SPEAK THE TRUTH, AND IF I AM LYING NOW, LET GOD STRIKE MY DEAD THIS VERY MOMENT



SEE, I'M STILL ALIVE

IT IS RARE TO FIND SUCH TRUTH THAT IS SO SWEET, YOUR MAJESTY

SUDDENLY A RUDE INTERRUPTION...



YOUR MAJESTY, SAVE US!



AND WHO'S THIS CREATURE?



YOUR MAJESTY, I-I AM FROM THE VILLAGE OF BERTHULIA. THE GHOST OF THE KING HAS RETURNED. HE CAME UPON US IN MAD VENGEANCE. HE SLEW EVERYONE. HE IS COMING FOR US ALL!



THE SICKLY KING OLAF IS DEAD. NO POWER CAN BRING HIM BACK. YOU CONFUSED HIM WITH THE ANTICS OF SIMPLE OUTLAWS GUARDS, TAKE THIS WRETCHED FOOL AWAY.



WHERE TO, YOUR MAJESTY?



TO THE WHIPPING PILLARS. HAVE HER FLOGGED TO AN INCH OF HER LIFE. THAT SHOULD TEACH HER

NO ONE MAY APPROACH THE KING IN SUCH A VILE MANNER. LET THAT LESSON BELEARNED BY ALL



YOUR MAJESTY, FORGIVE ME. I DID NOT MEAN YOU ANY OFFENSE



YOUR MAJESTY, I BEG YOU. NO!

SHUT UP, YOU WHORE. YOU'RE ONLY DIGGING YOURSELF A DEEPER GRAVE.



INSOLENT WHELP!

I APOLOGIZE YOUR MAJESTY. WE FOUND THIS GIRL IN DIRE CIRCUMSTANCES. HER VILLAGE WAS DESTROYED BY RAIDERS. THEY WERE VERY BRUTAL



YOUR MAJESTY, PERHAPS THIS IS A BIT HARSH. THE GIRLS HAS ALREADY SUFFERED MUCH.

NO! STOP!
NO MORE!



PERHAPS THE BARONESS HAS FORGOTTEN HER PLACE IN THIS KINGDOM. DO I NEED TO REMING HER?

NO, YOUR MAJESTY




SHE FAINTED, MY LORD. SHE CAN TAKE NO MORE...

CUT HER DOWN.



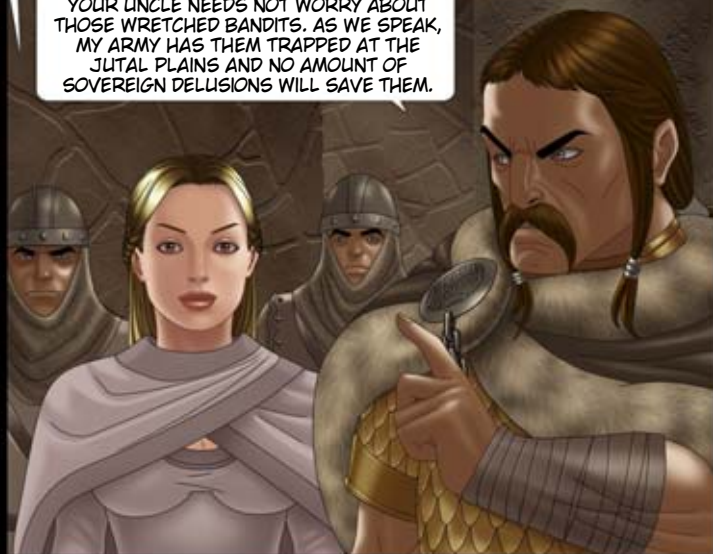
I AM TIRED OF THESE WITLESS PEASANT GIRLS. THEY'RE ONLY GOOD FOR TOIL AND FUCKING



SEND HER TO THE LOWER DUNGEONS, LET HER CONTEMPLATE HER TRANSGRESSION IN THE COMPANY OF THE DAMNED. SHE MAY EVEN LIKE IT THERE.

YOUR MAJESTY, AS BARONESS OF THE CAROLINGIAN LINE, I MUST INFORM YOU OF MY CONCERNS REGARDING THESE LAWLESS RAIDERS. THEY MAY CAUSE PROBLEMS WITH OUR EFFORTS TO BRING THE MOTHER CHURCH TO THE NORTHLANDS

YOUR UNCLE NEEDS NOT WORRY ABOUT THOSE WRETCHED BANDITS. AS WE SPEAK, MY ARMY HAS THEM TRAPPED AT THE JUTAL PLAINS AND NO AMOUNT OF SOVEREIGN DELUSIONS WILL SAVE THEM.



"I WOULD TAKE PERSONAL PLEASURE IN WATCHING THEM DRAWN AND QUARTERED AT THE TOWN SQUARE"



"THE TIME OF THEIR RECKONING IS NEAR"



COME FORTH, DOGS OF THE USURPER! TASTE THE STEEL. YOUR MULTITUDES MEANS NOTHING TO US!
MY LOYAL WARRIORS, SHOW THESE VERMIN THE MIGHT OF THEIR TRUE KING. DRAW THEM OUT AND CUT THEM DOWN. SMITE THEM FROM MY SIGHT



"THEY SHALL KNOW THE WRATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS."



"...AND NO AID FROM A FRANKISH WHORE WILL KEEP THIS USURPER FROM KNOWING THE BITE OF MY BLADE."

"THE DAY IS OURS! THE
COWARDLY VERMIN ARE
SCURRYING BACK THE BLACK
PIT FROM WHICH THEY CAME."



VICTORY MY WARRIORS! WE
HAVE CRUSHED THIS ARMY. SOON
WE'LL TAKE BACK WHAT IS OURS.



BACK AT AASHEN CASTLE,
THE YOUNG BARONESS
FINDS HER CHAMBERS TO
BE LESS THAN DESIRABLE.



WELCOME BARONESS.
I HOPE YOU DON'T
MIND COMPANY.

WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF THIS?



THIS IS MY NEPHEW
KILGAAR. HE IS HERE TO
TEST YOUR REGAL VIRTUES

SHE LOOKS TO BE A WORTHY QUEEN, UNCLE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, YOUR MAJESTY.



SWEET SMELLING TOO.

BUT I BET SHE'S LIKE A DEAD FISH IN BED, UNCLE. NO BETTER THAN PEASANT GIRLS. WE'LL CHANGE THAT!



HMM. MAYBE A LITTLE BETTER THAN A PEASANT WENCH. THOSE ARE THE HIPS OF A GOOD BREEDING WOMAN.



NO!

THESE PLUMP BOSOMS ARE WORTHY OF MY REGAL ATTENTION. SUPPLE AND SUCCLIENT.



GOOD, THE HYMEN IS INTACT. SHE HAS YET TO KNOW TRUE PLEASURE. LUCKY GIRL!



COME NOW. STOP SQUIRMING. YOU'LL LOVE WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO TO YOU.



LEAVE ME ALONE. THIS IS NOT RIGHT. MY UNCLE WILL HEAR OF THIS.

YOUR UNCLE ALREADY KNOWS. WHY ELSE DID HE SEND YOU INSTEAD OF ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS



YOU'LL BE TRAINED TO PLEASE YOUR KING!

STOP! YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE TIME TO SQUIRM LATER. JUST WAIT...

PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY. DON'T DO THIS!



AAHHH! STOP!



HUNGHHH!

MAYBE WE START WITH A GOOD HARD WHIPPING TO COAX OUT YOUR FEMINE WILES

OR WE CAN JUST RUBBER YOUR REGAL QUIM RAW. YOU SEE, YOU MOAN LIKE ANY WHORE. NOW IT'S TIME TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS...

TRESPASSERS

EPISODE 3

I'M GONNA KEEP YOU
HERE, SO I'LL SPELL
OUT THE RULES...

...AND YOU'D BETTER
LEARN FAST, FOR
YOUR OWN GOOD!



Slasher



RULE NUMBER
ONE; YOU DON'T
SAY NO TO ME!
IS THAT CLEAR,
BLONDIE?

YES... YES...
IT'S CLEAR.



WRONG! THE RIGHT
ANSWER IS: YES, MY
MASTER! SAY IT AGAIN!

AYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

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CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE



YES MY MASTER!

NOW YOU. SAY, I AM A SLAVE FOR YOU TO FUCK, MY MASTER!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!



I AM A SLAVE... FOR YOU TO FUCK, MY MASTER...

GOOD! I'LL DO WHATEVER I WANT WITH YOU TWO! YOU'RE MY PROPERTY NOW! UNDERSTAND?



YES MY MASTER!

SO YOU JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT! AND TAKE WHAT'S COMIN' TO YOU! UNDERSTAND?

YES...MASTER!!!



DON'T WANT TO GET ASS-FUCKED, SLAVE?



... NO... PLEASE... MASTER! IT HURTS!!!

WRONG ANSWER AGAIN, SLAVE!

ARGGGGGGGH!!!



NO! PLEASE! DON'T... PLEEEEEEASE

sketch
-03

HOW ABOUT YOU, BITCH!

LET'S SEE WHAT WE GOT HERE...



MMMM... I LIKE YOUR ASS, SLAVE. MAKES ME MAD AND THAT'S DANGEROUS!



NO, PLEASE... NOT IN THERE!

MMMMMMM... I PROMISED I'D ASSFUCK YOU IF YOU GAVE ME A NICE BLOWJOB. AND YOU DID!

Spahr -03



...SO YOUR MASTER IS GOING TO REWARD YOU, SLAVE. RELAX...



DON'T FIGHT IT OR IT'LL BE WORSE, SLAVE!

PLEASE! DON'T!



MMMMM YOU'RE REALLY TIGHT, SLAVE!



ARGHHHHH N00000000000!!!

WON'T BE TIGHT FOR LONG, I PROMISE. I'M FOND OF CUTE LITTLE WRINKLIES!

AND I'LL KEEP ON
FUCKING YOU DAY
AND NIGHT UNTIL YOU
BURST, BITCHES!



AIN'T I A LUCKY ONE?
YEARS JERKING MYSELF OFF
AND NOW I'VE GOT TWO
LOVELY ASSES TO FUCK!



I WANNA HEAR SOME
MOANING AND GROANING
AND GRUNTING OR I'LL THINK
YOU'RE NOT ENJOYING YOUR
MASTER'S ATTENTIONS!

ARGHHHHH...
NOOOOOOOO!

PLEASEEEEE...
DONT....

Slasher
-03

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

A Geoff Merrick Classic. Illustrations TEMPLETON

He had been in town two years when he saw her. She was just walking down the street carrying her books. Carrying them. They weren't in a book bag or knapsack. She was carrying them next to her prodigious chest. That was the last straw. Her face and body were the first straws.

He judged her expertly. She had to be 5'7". Her face was angelic, with soft, full red lips, and deep cinnamon eyes. Her hair was a thick, rich brown which hung down her back. She wore brown shoes with a medium heel, brown leggings, a brown suede miniskirt which ended almost four inches above her knees, and a tan zip-up top with brown piping, over a brown ribbed turtleneck.

Everything in sight was impressive. He imagined that everything out of sight was even better. She was the most serenely lovely lass he'd seen since well since he "lost" his previous favorite. But this one this one was even better. A gentler face, sweeter curves.

So he followed her from then on. For months. To the college. To the library. To the arboretum. To the store. To her dorm. To her grandmother's house. To church. He found out her name. Laura Sherman. He found out she was a freshman studying botany and library science. He found out she came here from Canada after her parents died and lived with her grandmother until she graduated high school.

Once, after she left the dressing room of a clothes store, he discovered that she was 36, 24, 34. He shoplifted the frilly, expensive, tan Valencia lace lingerie she had tried on and kept it with him ever since. He watched and waited.

She always dressed fairly conservatively. When she rode her bike by the shore, she wore sweaters up to her throat, long skirts, and boots. Even at school functions, her formal dresses only had flat necklines that reached no further than the tops of her breasts. But he fingered the cups of the bra she left behind. He already knew what she was hiding.

Sometimes he even saw it at night in her dorm room. He had already broken in, but only to bend a slat in the shade. Even that had taken days of planning. But now he could see in through that seemingly innocuous bump with high-powered binoculars from his secret location in a special room across the street.

Only there would he watch her strip down to her pale nightdresses, exposing her spectacular, round rack and the full length of her wonderful legs. He would come in his sweatpants, imagining how she would feel. He would get hard again thinking about

what he would do. The only time he would tear himself away from watching her was when he was gathering the necessary materials.

Over the days and weeks, he ordered or bought everything he wanted or needed. He had plenty of time and means as owner of a hardware store franchise; he could get plenty of materials and leave the hourly day-to-day work to the staff. Whenever he had a question, he'd simply get back into her room at the dorm or in her grandmother's house. He had long-since made keys from molds he had taken.





Finally he thought he was ready. The holiday break was just days away. The campus was already at least half empty, but there was still no way he could get her out of there without someone seeing. So he needed to play this exactly right. He planned and planned and planned again, then decided it was worth the risk.

He grabbed her on Thursday. That was the day he knew she'd take a short cut from gardening class to the door at the back of her dorm. She came around the corner, smiling, bright-eyed, hair bouncing, and nearly walked right into him. She was wearing her brown woolies, black boots, a gray skirt, a dark gray T-shirt, and an open, dark blue, cardigan sweater.

But her expression changed when she saw his ski mask. Then it all happened very fast. One gloved hand clamped over her mouth and the other grabbed her left breast through the shirt. He squeezed both and then they were wrestling. Her books fell. He felt her scream on his palm. He clawed at her as she writhed, struck at him, and kicked.

He stumbled, slid on a book, and ran, leaving her gasping and leaning on the dorm's back wall. He ripped off the ski mask after he rounded the corner,

then calmly headed for his nondescript SUV. He jumped in and waited, watching the corner. Several other students went by, ignoring the vehicle. They couldn't see him through the darkened, mirrored glass anyway.

Laura appeared six minutes later. She looked up and down the street furtively, then hurried to her own car in the dorm lot. It was a practical economy car perfect for a college student. He had keys for it as well, but there was no room in the back to await her. Instead he waited in his own car until she drove away, then leisurely made his way to grandma's house by a circumventuous route.

When he saw Laura's car in the driveway of the suburban, three-story Victorian house, complete with porch, he knew this was going to work. He had to get her away from the campus and to her grandmother's house, but before the break. Her elderly relative might expect her after the break, but not before. And he already knew the old lady was out.

He also figured that a full-scale attack at the campus would cause her and anyone hearing or witnessing an extended assault to call the police,



not gather herself at her favorite sanctuary. Maybe later she'd call school security to report a masked man copping feels, but not before she collected her shaken wits. He had studied her well both physically as well as psychologically.

He pulled out the binoculars again and targeted them up at her room, where he had already crimped the shade. What he saw nearly took his breath away. She had practically regressed from the attack. She had changed into one of her Sunday best dresses from her earlier teens a lovely beige, v-necked, summer dress with a pink, yellow, and rose flower motif that now hugged her taller shape and ended a good six inches above her knees. Her delicate, well-shaped feet were bare, and she sat at her boudoir, brushing her hair.

He quickly drove around to the next street parallel, behind the Sherman house. From there, he took a satchel and quickly made his way through a patch of trees, coming up behind the garage already knowing that no neighbor could see him from this angle, despite the late afternoon sunshine. He silently unlocked the rear door and quietly walked through the kitchen, down the hall and over to the stairs.

He listened intently. He heard classical music coming from Laura's room. He slowly made his way up, already knowing which step squeaked, and which didn't. He paused at the top, only waiting long enough to glance down the right hall to make sure she hadn't gone to the bathroom. The coast was clear. He left the satchel he had brought from the car there, then started down the hall to the left to what used to be the grandmother's master bedroom.

But since the arthritis had kicked in, grandma now lived downstairs, leaving the whole second floor to Laura and any visitors. He already knew there were no visitors yet. That would come when the holidays arrived. But that was still some days away yet. He reached into his running suit jacket's

pockets and removed the tazer. By then he was at her door, which was just a few inches ajar.

It was just as he left it. Canopied, four-poster bed to the right, boudoir beyond that. Walk-in closet to the left. Window to the right of the bed. It was almost always curtained, but even wide open, no neighbor could see her when she was at her mirror unless they had special binoculars.

He waited, hearing the sounds of her brushing. He hazarded a quick glance in. The creamy flesh of her legs. Her swelling chest. Her elegant throat. Her luxuriant mane. Her graceful arms. His eyes unfocused for a split second, and then, under the cover of Mendellson, he moved quickly inside.

By the time she nearly saw him in the mirror, the zapper was at her shoulder. There was a spark, a crackle, and she went down like a dropped toy doll. She didn't have far to go. She slid onto the thick pile carpet and twitched, her big mahogany eyes blinking, and her sweet mouth opening and closing like a beached fish.

Her arms jerked. Her breasts wobbled. Her bare feet kicked. She stared up at him in confusion and shock.

"Should've called security there," he said, then fell on her.

The thick, wet cloth was in his hand and then tightly over her nose and mouth. He slipped his other hand inside her dress and filled it with her left breast. No gloves now. No need.

Her eyes filled with amazement, then realization, then terror. He lay on her, practically rubbing himself on her, holding her to him by her lower face and chest. The noises that came from under the cloth sounded like an alien language.

"Welcome to my world, Laura," he whispered. "You're mine now."

She sucked in her breath. He knew she would, and enjoyed the result. Her chest swelled. The sedative shot into her system just as the effect of the tazer was starting to wear off. Her hands began to



flop closer to him as her eyelids started to flutter.

"Yeah, baby," he hissed. "You've got it now, huh?" He shifted his body so he could better feel her legs rubbing against his. Her warm, soft, smooth hands started gripping his wrists. "Just in time?" he wondered aloud. "Or maybe too late?" She started to tremble beneath him as her eyes grew smoky and her muscles grew lax. "Yeah," he clucked in mock sympathy. "Why do you think I didn't cuff you when you first went down? Because I wanted to feel your hands on me, baby, that's why."

He quickly pulled a strand of surgical tape he had in one pocket and pressed it diagonally across her cheeks to hold the cloth to her nostrils and lips. He added another to make an "X." Then, casually batting away her fluttering hands, he grabbed under her arms, letting his palms bunch her opulent chest, and started pulling her off the floor. The beautiful brunette groaned as he dragged her to her feet, her head lolling, her now lush hair swinging down.

"Don't think it's chloroform, sweets," he told her, dragging her towards the closet. "That stuff stinks. No, this is cutting-edge stuff baby even better than those date rape drugs." He stopped for a moment, looking down at her spectacular form. "Surprised no one tried that on you before." He shrugged and continued pulling her towards the closet. "I guess they can't if you don't go to bars or parties, huh?"

"No, not you," he continued, hugging her with one arm, and opening the closet door with the other. "No, you would be the good girl. Class functions were more your speed, huh? Sweaters out there, huh? But you thought you were safe in here, right?" He dropped her on her back, surveying her with a smirk. "What some people will wear in the privacy of their homes." With drooping lids, she kept trying to drag her fluttering hands toward her mouth, but he kept lightly swatting or kicking them away. "No, this stuff'll keep you groggy but won't let you go totally out. Neat, huh?"

Laura moaned, her ankles tapping the carpet between two long rows of hanging clothes, shoes, and shelved boxes. Her head scrapped back, bringing her chest ever higher in her frilly bodice. He found himself as hard as he'd ever been. "Okay, baby," he said. "That does it."

He went right to where she kept her stockings and pulled out three pairs of panty hose. He then grabbed her hair and dragged her up to a sitting position. She only murmured, the tranquilizer dulling her pain receptors as well.

With one pair, he tied her crossed wrists brutally tight behind her back. He then let her drop down and tied her crossed ankles just as hard. He then tied the third around her mouth, further holding the drugged cloth in place.

"Now," he said, "don't move. I'll be right back." He ran down the hall to collect the satchel then hustled back to Laura's room. It wouldn't do to leave his splurge where just anybody could see it, would it?

When he got back, Laura had rolled onto her side, giving him a clear view of everything in profile. The swell of her chest, the curves of her body, the glory of her hair, the sweetness of her face, the richness of her slowly blinking eyes. Immediately he yanked down his sweat pants just before his cannon fired.

Grandma Sherman came home not too long after. By then Laura's car was parked behind his car on the other street, so Grandma went about her first floor business totally unaware that her lovely granddaughter was one floor away in her own closet, in desperate straights.

He had found her sexiest shoes a pair of three-inch ivory pumps she had been forced to buy for a friend's wedding and affixed them to her feet. He hadn't bothered to change her outfit. The one she had on was sexy enough. Or, truth be told, the one she now almost had on was sexy enough.

He had pulled down the thin straps, letting her



impressive breasts free. He didn't need to pull up the skirt. Her position had done that for him. She was now on her face and knees, all the room's pillows in her stomach. Her ankles were tied to her thighs with rubber-coated wire. Her wrists were crossed in the small of her back and retied with the wire, which then wrapped her waist, keeping her arms snug behind her.

The wire was cunningly corded between her lips, holding the balled-up cloth in her wedged-open mouth. Over that was insulation tape, sealing her lower face and anchored over the bridge of her nose and under her chin. Wrapped around that was a viciously tight rubberized band which adhered to her head like paint. A choker leash around her throat completed her preparation. Smaller throw pillows were taped to her knees. They also rested beneath the toes of the shoes. Her cheek rested on another. Normally she could have rolled off all of them, but he was on her back, his mouth attached, sucking, to her throat, his hands filled, kneading, with her breasts, and his cock sliding in and out of her pre-lubricated canal.

Her eyes were tightly shut and her fingers splayed between their bodies. Her face was coated with cum, because he had spent all the time between moving her car and the return of her grandmother jacking off onto her helpless, medicated, body.

"That's for September 28th," he would say, holding up a picture of her at a football game. "That's for October 21st," holding up a photo of her in a pumpkin field. "That's for December 5th," presenting an image of her tending pine trees. But he didn't mount her until he heard the door open downstairs.

"Oooo, that's nice, isn't it Laura?" he whispered in her ear, pushing himself all the way in again as she grunted in reaction. "Waited a long time for this. Good as I hoped." He gripped her tits like pump handles, making her moan.

They heard grandma making herself dinner. "Doesn't know you're here," he reminded her. "Won't know, right? Right?" He squeezed her breasts with each question.

She made no noise. Even though they both knew grandma was hard of hearing, he figured she wouldn't. Not with the vulnerable relative just down the stairs. It wasn't until he ejaculated again that she couldn't prevent a sob. But all he did was tighten the grip on her choker and went back to dotting her throat with hickeys.

When the TV started blaring downstairs, he knotted her knees together and taped her eyes shut. In despair, she was sure he'd fuck her hard then, but for some strange reason, he didn't. Instead he went through every thing in the closet. Then, with the help of a renewed dose of opiate, dressed her in

the very first outfit he had seen her in.

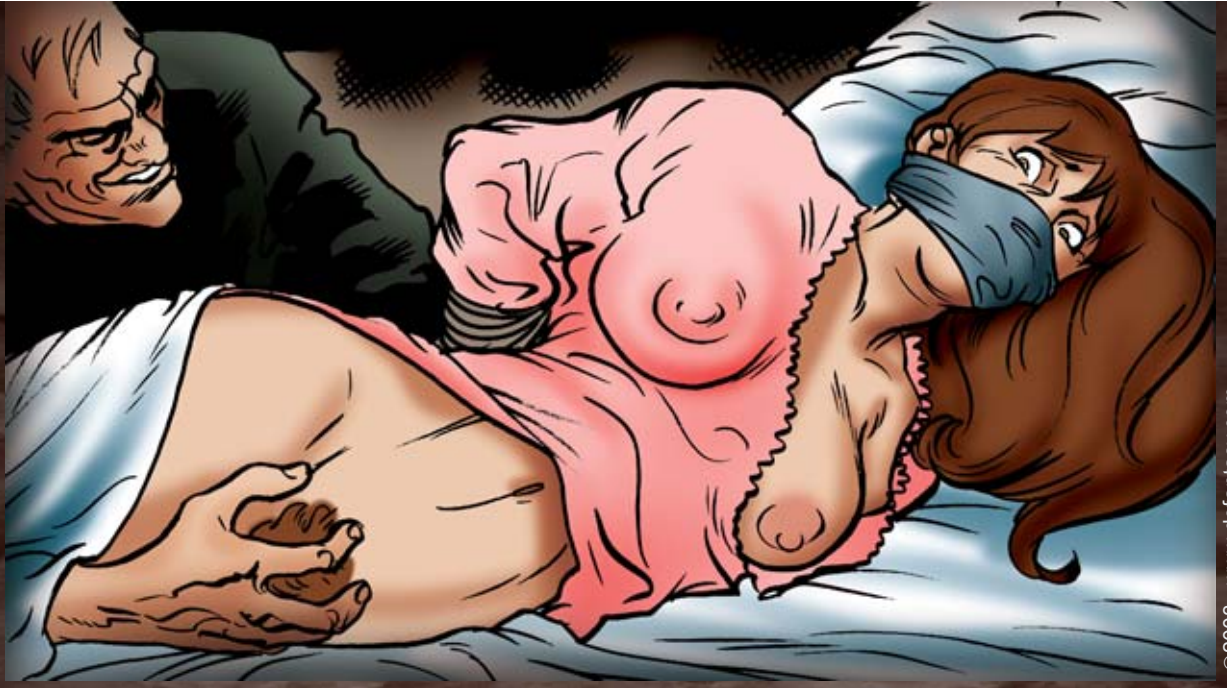
He had plenty of time. As far as they could tell, grandma had fallen asleep in front of the, naturally, extra loud set. So there was no untoward reaction from downstairs when Laura's mind cleared to find herself hand and ankle-cuffed in her brown shoes, leggings, skirt, turtleneck, and sweater, with just a swash of cloth duct tape over her mouth.

As soon as she looked up at him, he jumped her, forcing her onto her back, ripping open her sweater and jamming himself between her legs. One hand was tight over her mouth as the other tore at her turtleneck while his hips rammed the skirt hem higher. To her agony, he had already precut the woolens so his cock found her like-colored thatch without obstruction.

He mauled her chest, tearing the turtleneck, while pounding into her, one hand still pressed hard on her lower face. Her cuffed hands appeared by her right side, her fingers clawing the air.

"This is what I should have done, huh?" he





grunted at her. "This is what I should have done when I first saw you!" Mercifully, after that, she fainted.

When she awoke, the TV downstairs was off. The house was quiet and dark. And she was on her side, in her own bed, under the covers, wearing her light blue, cotton, v-necked t-shirt-dress with the black trim. It was what she almost always wore to bed here. It stopped eight inches above her knee, and the neckline was so loose her substantial breasts rested comfortably.

But the hand and ankle cuffs were still on, and remnants of her stretch turtleneck were knotted in her mouth and tied under her hair. Even so, for a split second she thought he was gone. But then she felt his hands slip into the top and under the hem from behind her.

Fingers from one hand gently squeezed her left breast, while two fingers sunk into her vagina and a thumb pressed her clit. "Night-night, Laura darling," he murmured. "Sleep," he started before sinking his fingers in deeper, "Tight." He molested her for a while, suckling on her ear.

"Y'know," he finally said. "Your taste in clothes really stinks. We're gonna hafta do something about that tomorrow." Laura Sherman started to shake uncontrollably, but he just embraced her to him a drug-drenched washcloth tight over her lower face until the tremors subsided.

He drew her onto her back. Her hair fanned out like a halo on the pillow. He took one long look into her sweet, slack, sleeping face. Then he removed the knotted cloth gag, tenderly cupped his hand behind her neck, gripped his erection and brought it to her soft, drooling lips.

As grandma Sherman slept downstairs, a stranger came into her 19-year old granddaughter's mouth

just one floor away and then, holding her head back with a hand sealing her soft, wet lips, he tenderly stroked her throat until she reflexively swallowed in her tranquilized sleep. ■

to be continued

FOR MORE GEOFF MERRICK [CLICK HERE](#)

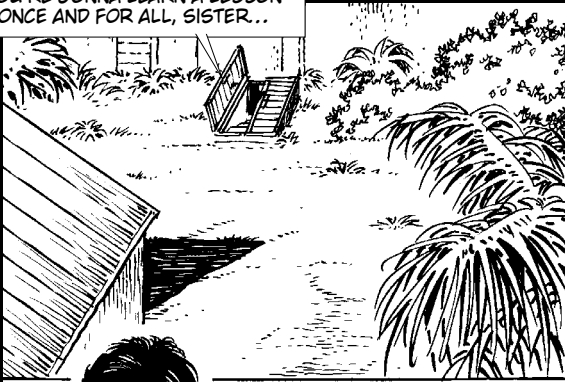


Maternal Blackmail

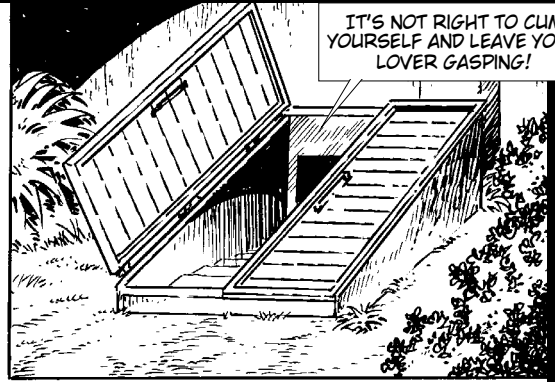
PAUL
Episode 6

Some days later, Miriam Dupond was not enjoying her enforced honeymoon with the repulsive Pablito, her own stepbrother... The young man's lust just got stronger, and so did his cruel sexual sadism. Miriam, still in chains, was more dead than alive now...

YOU'RE GONNA LEARN A LESSON
ONCE AND FOR ALL, SISTER...

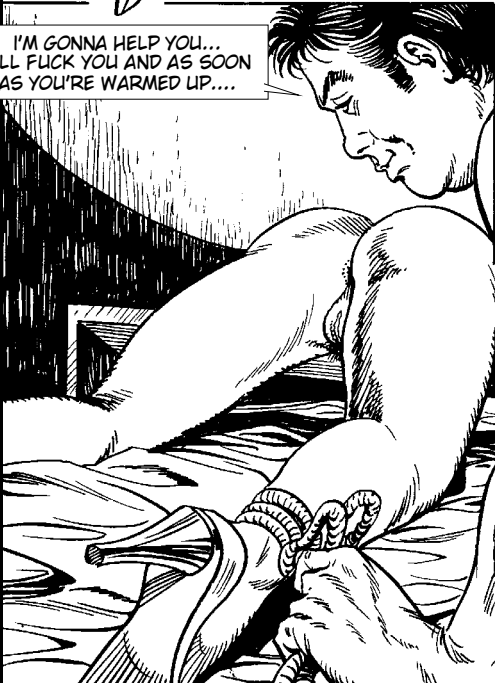


IT'S NOT RIGHT TO CUM
YOURSELF AND LEAVE YOUR
LOVER GASPING!



I KNOW YOU CAN'T RESIST ME, BUT YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO LEARN TO CONTROL YOURSELF...

I'M GONNA HELP YOU...
I'LL FUCK YOU AND AS SOON
AS YOU'RE WARMED UP....



I'LL SWITCH TO YOUR
CUTE LITTLE BUMHOLE...

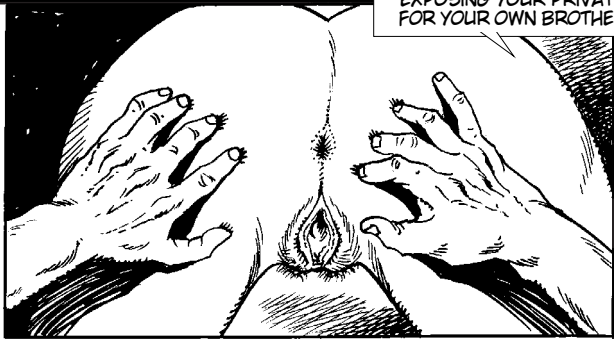


THAT WAY YOU
WON'T CUM, SEE?

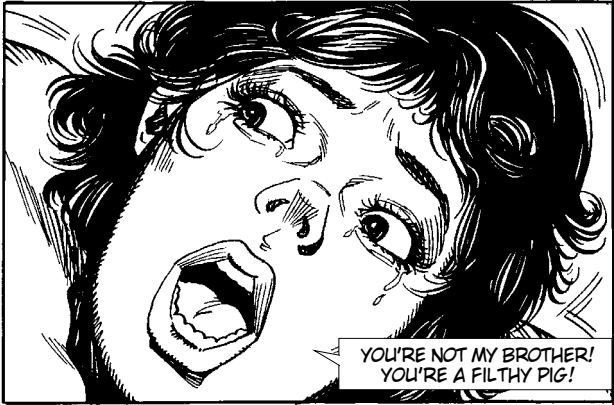




AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?



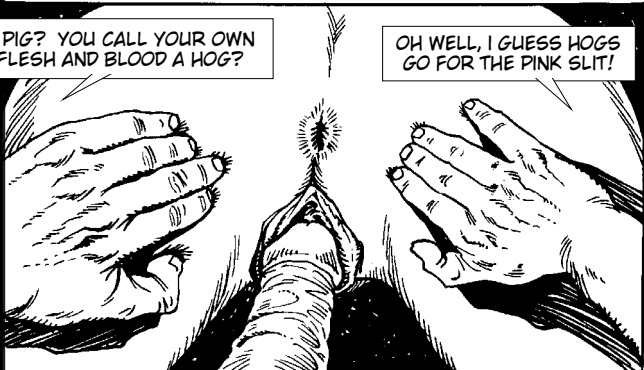
EXPOSING YOUR PRIVATES FOR YOUR OWN BROTHER?



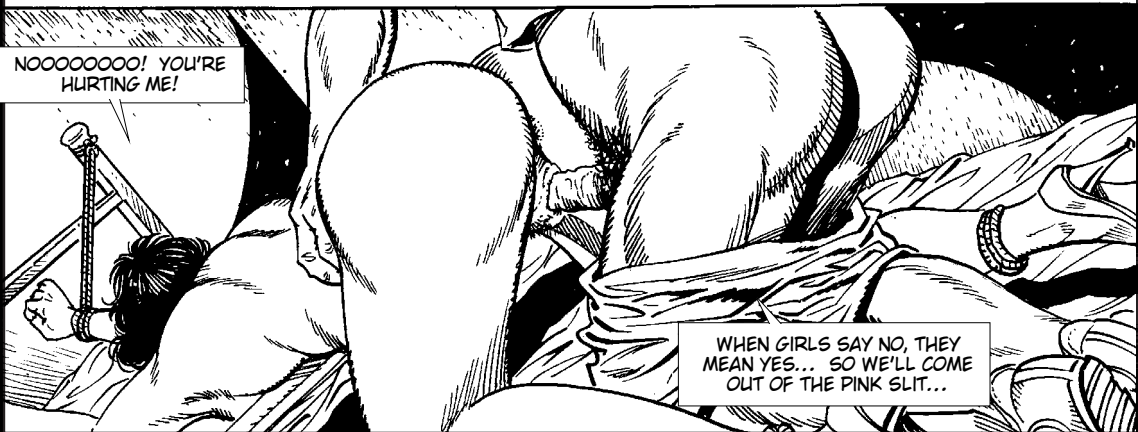
YOU'RE NOT MY BROTHER!
YOU'RE A FILTHY PIG!

A PIG? YOU CALL YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD A HOG?

OH WELL, I GUESS HOGS GO FOR THE PINK SLIT!



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA...
...GHHHHHHHHH!!!



NOOOOOOOO! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

WHEN GIRLS SAY NO, THEY MEAN YES... SO WE'LL COME OUT OF THE PINK SLIT...

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

AND GO BROWNHOLING!
NICE, EH? A BIG, FAT, FIRM
COCK UP YOUR ASSHOLE?

AAAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!
YOU BASTARD!
NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

I SAID STARK NAKED. TAKE
OFF THOSE PANTIES TOO.

MEANWHILE...

TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR DAUGHTER! A SLUT'S
BODY! CURVES AND HIPS AND TITS AND SLITS!
SHE GOT THAT FROM YOU! SHE'S A SINNER!!!

NOW COME NEARER. DO IT NICE
NOW. YOUR MOMMA'S WATCHING!

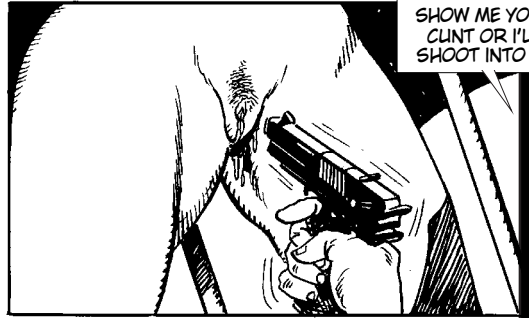
HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD, TITS
OUT, TURN ROUND SLOWLY.



OVER HERE!
LEGS APART!



SHOW ME YOUR
CLUNT OR I'LL
SHOOT INTO IT!



YOU'RE WET! AREN'T
YOU ASHAMED?



FUCK THE
BARREL...



A WET SLUT, JUST LIKE
YOUR MOTHER! UNI-
FORMS TURN YOU ON, EH?



FUCK THE BARREL TILL YOU CUM, OK?

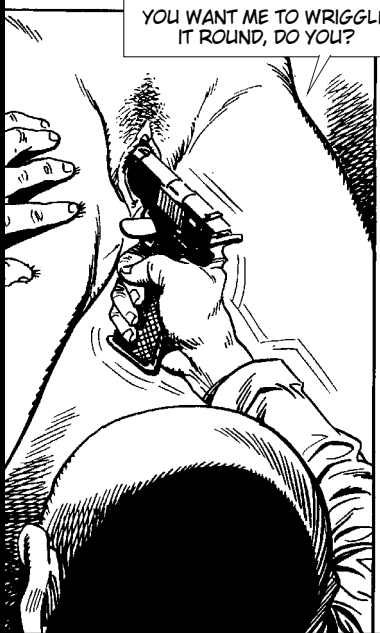
SEE? YOU GAVE BIRTH TO A SHAMELESS SINNER, YOU WHORE!



SHE PICKED UP THE WORST OF YOU, COMING DOWN YOUR BIG FAT CUNT!



NOOOO! STOP! YOU'RE A BLUNCH OF CRAZY PERVERTS!



YOU WANT ME TO WRIGGLE IT ROUND, DO YOU?



WHAT? COME HERE AT ONCE, YOU BITCH!!!

HELP!!! LET ME
OUT!!! OPEN UP!!!



GOD, HELP US, PLEASE!
MAKE THEM LET US GO...



MEANWHILE, IN CORRIENTES STREET...

NO NEED TO BE SHY IN
FRONT OF YOUR BROTHER



AFTER ALL, YOU'RE
JUST CRAPPING MY
SPUNK! HA! HA! HA!

SEE? YOU MADE
ME CUM AGAIN.



WHAT? YOU DON'T LIKE
YOUR BROTHER'S CUM?
ARE YOU VOMITING?



YOU'RE PUMPING MY BALLS
UP, CRAPPING IN FRONT OF
ME! LICK MY CUM!



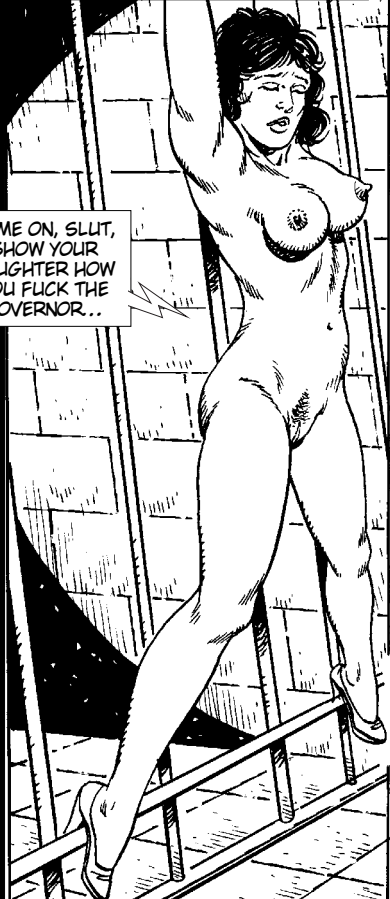


YOU'LL GULP YOUR OWN VOMIT, BITCH...



AND MY JISM YOU JUST SHAT! C'MON, LICK!!!

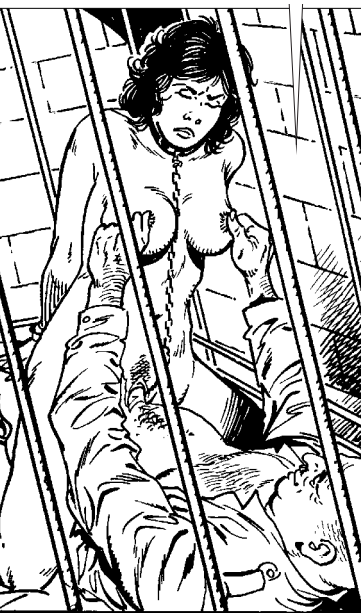
BACK IN JAIL, THE GIRL IS TIED TO THE BARS AND FORCED TO WATCH AS HER MOTHER IS ABUSED AND HUMILIATED...



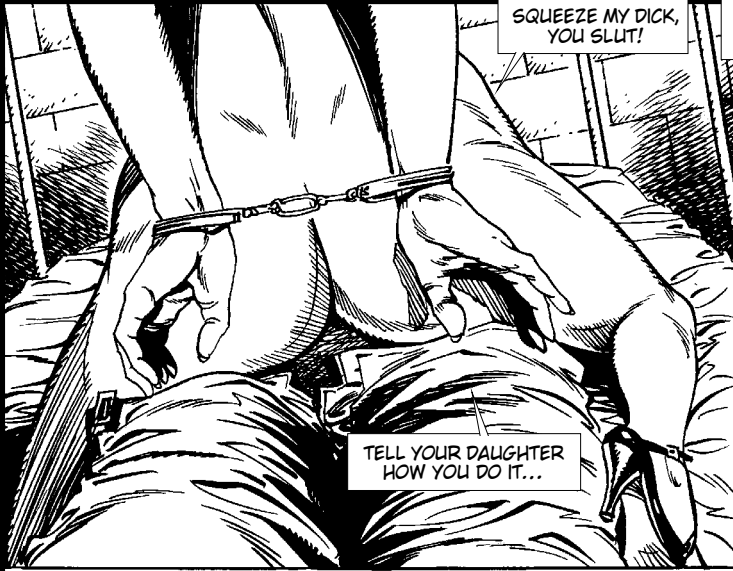
COME ON, SLUT, SHOW YOUR DAUGHTER HOW YOU FUCK THE GOVERNOR...



YOUR MOTHER'S BEEN DOING THIS FOR YEARS, MANY TIMES A DAY, WITH THE SAME CLUNT YOU PASSED THROUGH...



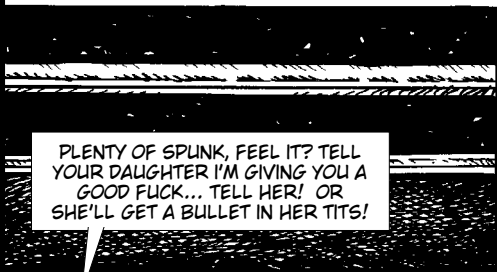
SHE'S A HOT SLUT. SHE CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT MY COCK UP HER, CAN YOU, YOU WHORE? C'MON, TELL YOUR DAUGHTER!



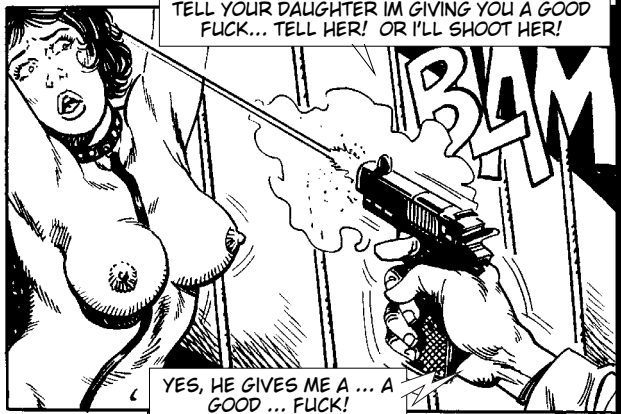
SQUEEZE MY DICK, YOU SLUT!

LEAVE MY MOTHER ALONE, YOU SONNOFABITCH!

TELL YOUR DAUGHTER HOW YOU DO IT...



PLENTY OF SPUNK, FEEL IT? TELL YOUR DAUGHTER I'M GIVING YOU A GOOD FUCK... TELL HER! OR SHE'LL GET A BULLET IN HER TITS!



TELL YOUR DAUGHTER IM GIVING YOU A GOOD FUCK... TELL HER! OR I'LL SHOOT HER!

YES, HE GIVES ME A ... A GOOD ... FUCK!



AND YOU'LL GET A GOOD ONE TOO, KID. BRING YOUR CLUNT AND TITS OVER HERE...

KISS ME ON THE LIPS LIKE A WOMAN KISSES A REAL MAN.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Cherished Daughter



HOLY SHIT! ITS BEEN TEN YEARS SINCE I HAD A HARD ON IN THE MORNING!



WAKEY, WAKEY! DEAR DAUGHTER!



YOU DIDN'T EXPECT YOUR LORD AND MASTER SO EARLY, EH, KID? DID YOUR ARMS HURT A LOT? GOT SOME SPARKS ON THOSE TITS?

Cagri

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Cherished daughter is a sequel to TWINS. To learn more about this wonderful comic, [CLICK HERE](#)

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BEEN MISSING DADDY?

GGGGH!



I'VE BEEN MISSING YOU. ITS NICE, YOU AND ME, WITHOUT YOUR MOTHER...

!!!GGGGH!



THIS LITTLE DEVICE HAS BEEN TICKLING YOUR PUSSY UP. YOU MUST BE READY TO MEET YOUR MASTER!

NNNNNNNNNN!!!!



UUGH....

I RECKON YOU DIDNT NEED NO TICKLING UP. YOU ALWAYS FANCIED ME. I COULD SEE IT IN YOUR EYES ALL THESE YEARS...

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THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW... WE CAN ENJOY EACH OTHER ANYTIME!

YOU DIDN'T MOVE MUCH IN THE NIGHT. THIS'LL HELP YOU EXERCISE YOUR TITS... LIFT 'EM, LET 'EM DROP. I WANNA SEE THEM WOBBLE!

IIIIAAAAGGH!



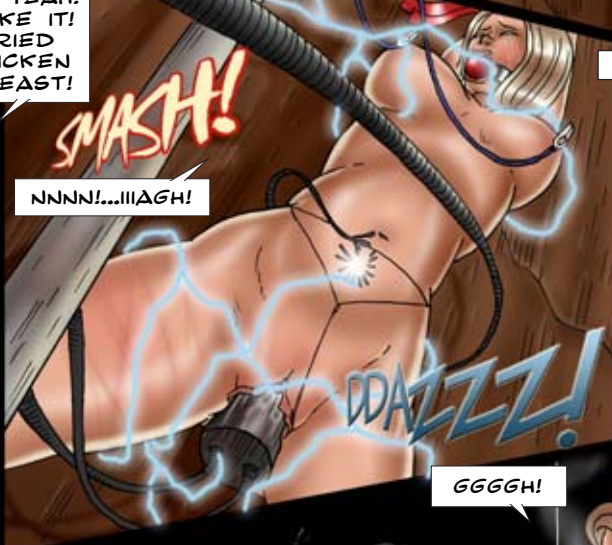
DDAZZZ!

OH YEAH! I LIKE IT! FRIED CHICKEN BREAST!

SMASH!

IIIIAGH!

NNNN!...IIIIAGH!



DDAZZZ!



SMASH!

GGGGH!



REMEMBER THIS, I'M YOUR MASTER NOW. YOUR TITS AND CUNT ARE MINE. I'M GONNA TEACH YOU HOW TO USE THEM FOR YOUR DAD'S PLEASURE...

FOR STARTERS,
YOU'RE GONNA
RIDE ME, DEAR...



C'MON, COME
WITH POPPA!



BUT FIRST
LET'S TAKE
THESE OFF

GGGH!



WHAT'S UP, CAN'T
MOVE THOSE FINE
LEGS OF YOURS?
ARE THEY
CRAMPING?



NEVER MIND.
I'LL DRAG YOU!

GGGGHH!



SMILE, KID! IT'S
FUCK TIME...



UUNGH!



YOU'RE GONNA
DRESS UP FOR
THE OCCASION.
DADDY WANTS
TO SEE YOU
WITH YOUR RED
SHOES ON...

PUT THEM
ON, SLAVE!
NOW!!!

IIAGH!



THUD!



UNPH!UNPH!

YOU HAVE
TEN SECONDS!
YOU BETTER
HURRY, SLAVE!

YEAH... YOU'RE LOOKING SEXY KID!
ALL SHOES AND CUNT! HA HA HA!

SEEMS YOU'RE READY FOR THE FUN, DEAR... SO'S YOUR DADDY, TAKE A LOOK!

UMPH!



JEEZ, THOSE ARE SEXY FEET, DAUGHTER...!



STARK NAKED AND IN HIGH-HEELED COCKSUCKER SHOES!

UUUIGH!



NICE SHOES TOO. YOU ALWAYS PUT THEM ON WHEN I FUCK YOU, REMEMBER...



I CAN'T HOLD IT ANYMORE, SLAVE... OPEN THIS CUNT FOR YOUR MASTER!

NNNNN....!

NO? DID YOU SAY
NO? YOU WANT IT
ROUGH, SLAVE?

AAAGH!

SMASH!

THEN YOU'LL
GET IT ROUGH...

LEARN THIS: YOUR
MASTER WANTS A
FUCK; YOU FUCK!

LOOK AT THIS ONE,
KID. ALL HARD AND
READY. IT'S CRYING
OUT FOR YOUR CUNT?

NNNNNNNNN.....

UUGH! HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING FUCKED BY YOUR DAD? HMMMM... SQUEEZE IT, SLAVE!

UUGH!

C'MON, GIVE DADDY A KISS!

UUMPH!



YOU LIKE YOUR DADDY SHAFING YOU, EH, YOU SLUT? YOU GOT YOUR OWN WAY IN THE END...

DAD? DIDN'T I SAY CALL ME MASTER, SLAVE?



PLEASE, DAD...



YES... ARGHHHH... YES, MY MASTER... FORGIVE ME....



NOOOOOO!

I'LL DEAL WITH THIS LATTER, NOW STAY STILL AND SQUEEZE ON MY PRICK TILL I COME. UGH! THAT'S MY DAUGHTER! UGH! SHIT! TAKE THAT! UGH! AND THAT! UGH! YOU'RE GONNA GET IT RIGHT UP THE CUNT ... UGH! ... EVERY DAY, ALL DAY ... UGH!

NOW IS TIME TO TEACH
YOUR PRETTY LITTLE
MOUTH SOME RESPECT...

GGGGH!



I'M GOING TO BED NOW. YOUR MOM
IS GONNA WAKE UP SOON... TRY NOT
TO DROP YOUR RIGHT LEG DOWN...



...OR YOU'LL FRY
YOUR BIG TITS...



NOW GIVE DADDY A GOOD
MORNING KISS. LOTS OF TONGUE.
LOTS OF SPIT... MMMMM...



REMEMBER, KID: TO DROP YOUR LEG AND KEEP
THE VIBE IN YOUR MOUTH. YOU'RE GONNA FUCK
ME UP THE ASSHOLE TOMORROW. RIGHT IN.
AND I WANT YOUR FACE IN MY CRACK. AND
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED YOU'RE GONNA LICK MY
HAIRS CLEAN... HAVE A GOOD DAY

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Cherished daughter is a sequel to TWINS.
To learn more about this wonderful comic, [CLICK HERE](#)

OLD BERNARD'S PONYGIRL THORN

Episode 11 Previous in Fansadox 9 & 11 to 18 & 21

The endless days became weeks and then months. Winter set in, grey clouds with a bitter cold wind and driving rain. Old Bernard decided not to take his ponyslave girl back to his house in the run-down West London suburb when Mr Farmer, the place's owner, collapsed and died of a heart attack in the middle of raping the girl particularly violently. Mrs Farmer was half drugged with the pills she'd been given for depression but still went on living there so the remote farm was still useful to him as a secret pony girl stable.

Bernard hated winter at the farm, the darkness, the freezing, whining gales and bloody, endless rain so he headed south as quickly as possible. He locked Dripping Cunt, his preferred pony-name for Susan, in a small cage in the cave beneath the house with a week's supply of water and dry dog biscuits. The cave kept a steady temperature despite the winter weather, chill but not too cold. Mind you, for a naked, terrified girl with only a thin, ragged blanket to cover her it was cold...cold enough that she shivered constantly.

The cage itself was an instrument of torture. Not big enough to allow her to stand or lie, Susan had to kneel, sit or crouch on the thick iron bars, shuffling from one position to another adding more bruises to her poor, defenceless body. Her only relief was to stretch her arms and legs in turn though the bars, moving her limbs to stop cramps knotting her muscles and giving yet more pain.

Susan's days and nights passed in almost total darkness, the passage of time marked by the coming and going of the little sliver of daylight that crept through a narrow fissure in the cave roof. With each new, wretched dawn, Susan's eyes would fix on the little bar of light, watching it as the hours passed until it faded away with the coming of yet another pitch-black night of horror.

Susan relieved herself where she crouched, forced to slither about in the mess of her own filth. Sometimes, If she remembered through her drugged haze, Mrs Farmer would come down to the cave. She used a high pressure hose to clean Susan down, making her scream with the agony of the freezing water blasting against her abused flesh. Not that the hose did much good, it simply sprayed the liquid goo of piss and shit further across the cave leaving Susan clean but still caged in the filthy, reeking stench.

Sometimes if she was lucky, if you can use such a word about Susan's plight, Old Bernard would make the long journey north to pay his slavegirl a visit. Not that he was exactly a regular visitor to the farm. Early in October he got hold of a new pony girl video from a Soho sexshop and spent the next few

weeks watching it again and again and masturbating frantically at each of his favourite scenes. With such easy satisfaction he just didn't bother making the long, boring journey to the farm at all that month.

But it was only during Old Bernard's weekend visits that Susan was able to leave the horrible confines of her cage. The only warning she had of his arrival was the blinding glare of the light being turned on. Then the brutal, breathtaking shock of the cold water slamming into her body as the filth caking her body was hosed away before, finally, the metallic screech of the rusty padlock and the squeal of the rusted hinges as he opens the cage door.

Old Bernard always laughs as she flops out onto the wet concrete floor of the cave. After weeks confined she simply can't stand unaided. It happens every time...and every time Old Bernard finds it just as funny. As she rolls clear he pounces on her, turning her until she's kneeling, bending her down so her face grinds against the gritty concrete. No kindness, no mercy just a brutal, thrusting rape that rips and tears the inner lining of her cunt. The brutality and pain are deliberate...Old Bernard wants to hear her squeal...to hear her scream and writhe beneath him as he fucks her with such violence that he jolts her across the harsh concrete surface skinning her knees and elbows with each vicious thrust.

Then, sated for now, he cuffs her wrists before hanging her up from and overhead pipe to dress her for the weekend's pleasures. 'Time to saddle up, Cunt!'

The filthy old sadist has perfected Susan's ponyslave attire over the long months of her captivity. The high, tight suffocating black leather collar and the excruciatingly taut head harness with its cruelly serrated bit, ridged tongue depressor and the deep latex throat stretcher are first. Followed by the mittens that hold Susan's hands clenched into fists making her even more helpless. Then of course, there's the shoulder harness; buckled tight so she arches back with her shoulder blades compressed and those beautiful, full breasts lifted and offered even more openly, whilst her arms are bent and strapped into that horrible, painful preying-mantis position.

Nothing else is needed... except her tail and boots

In the beginning Old Bernard used cinches, one round her belly and one as a cunt strap, but they just got in the way...especially where he had to go to all the trouble of unstrapping her whenever he felt the need for a quick fuck. It had taken him a few weeks of serious thought to solve the tail problem.

Now Susan wore a plug of unpolished wood with the waving tail plume jutting from the end of it. Old Bernard's first versions kept coming out, no matter how far or how hard he rammed the pole into her. On this version the business end was bulbous, shaped like a thick, elongated pear with a raised collar to stop it going in too far once it was in place.

Of course, for Old Bernard getting it in was half the fun...Susan always screamed as he screwed it, ungreased of course, into her anus. Every time she was convinced that it would split her open. Then there would be the pause, and the sudden, disbelieving gasp as the widest part slipped through her anal ring and her muscles sucked it into position deep inside her rectum. The final refinement were the two little spiked pegs that slowly extended from the widest part when you turned the screw collar once it was right inside. Old Bernard always took a long time screwing the pegs open... turn by slow turn.

The pony boots were another masterpiece of applied agony. Once strapped into them Susan was forced to walk and trot on tiptoe, every high prancing step designed to show off her figure and those lovely, high bouncing breasts. Even when Susan had a chance to rest for a moment...the cruelly teeth of the heel spikes ensure that she remained firmly on tiptoe.

Ready at last, Old Bernard clicked his tongue and allowed the riding crop to raise a single weal across Susan's bottom. 'Giddyup there pony...come on...walk on...' Naked, the young pony girl was led out into the bitter cold of a winter's morning. Then came the sadistic drill, the constant, humiliating shouted commands...and the wicked, cutting agony of the riding crop, slashing fresh red weals across that young, frozen flesh. For a pony under winter training the routine is nothing but hell on earth.

'Up, up you lazy filly!... *swick!*... LIFT those thighs right up... *swick!*... no... extend, I said, extend the leg right out... *swick!*... try harder!... *swick!* c'mon giddyup pony... *thwack!*... trot on now...'

The session goes on until Susan collapses, so exhausted that even the riding crop slashing across those tender breasts doesn't rouse her any

more. Old Bernard turns her on her back and rapes her again. He takes an extra, special pleasure in fucking her in this way, mauling her flesh, slobbering and biting her as he jerks and thrusts into her body as she lies helpless in her harness, gag and bridle.

After a whole Sunday of such training torment the girl, by now more dead than alive, is once more forced down into the stinking cave and back inside the rusty iron bars of her torture cage. Her anus scraped raw from the vicious tail plug; her bruised cunt leaking semen from the constant rapes and her whole body laced with raised, bleeding weals from the Old Bernard's riding crop, Susan is locked away once more. Finally, the click of the switch plunges her into darkness again... condemned to crouch in caged agony until the next time Old Bernard chooses to journey north for another rape and torture session with his pony girl... ■



THE BLACK VAN

**UUGHH!!!..STPPP!!! GDD!!..NNNNNN!!!!!!
UUUUUUU!!!!!!..UUUUUUU!!!!!!**

**BIG! Isn't it?
Fell THIS!!**

UUUUUUU!!!!!!..

**You want it DEEPER
don't you, PIG??**

GDD!!..NNNNNN!!!!!!

**Now the REAL fun begins!!
SCREAM for me, PIG!!**

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OOohh...THAT's it WHORE!!! LICK my COCK!!..Right THERE!! UUHhhh! Oh YEAH!! I'm gonna CUM in your pretty slut FACE!!

Open WIDE!!! OOH!!! OOOOHHH!!!!



G..GKK!!!

UUH!!!!



UUGH!! PFFT!!! STOP!! LEAVE ME ALONE!!



LET US GO!!!..PLEASE!!! NO!!



Our FUN is only Just SATARTING!!!

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OOWWW!!! Let Me DOWN!! PLEASE!! HEY!!!

What are you DOING?? OH GOD!! NO!! NOO!!

We're having a bar-b-que, SLUT! And YOU'RE the fucking ROAST PIG!! HA!!

YEEEEKK!!! NOOO!!!



Come HERE, FuckToy



NN-NNNN!!!!

Got a nice tight ASS??? You won't for LONG!!

**UNN-UNNN!!! NNNN!!!!
PLSSS !!!..PLLSSSS!!!**

**Don't you like PEPPERMINT,
you fucking SLUT BITCH???**



**Now who's nice TITS are
getting whipped FIRST, hmm??
maybe these BIG ones? Nice!!**

**MMNPH!!!! UH-NN!!
PLSS!! UUGH!!!!**



UUUUUUUMMPHI!!!!



NNNN-NNN!!!!
UUUUUU!!!!!!
UUUUUUUU!!!!!!



UUUUUUUU!!!!
PLSPLS!! STP!!!!



OH GOD! NO! EEKK!!!

It's YOUR turn,
little TITS!!

NOOO!!!
EEEEAAA!!!



BURIED ALIVE

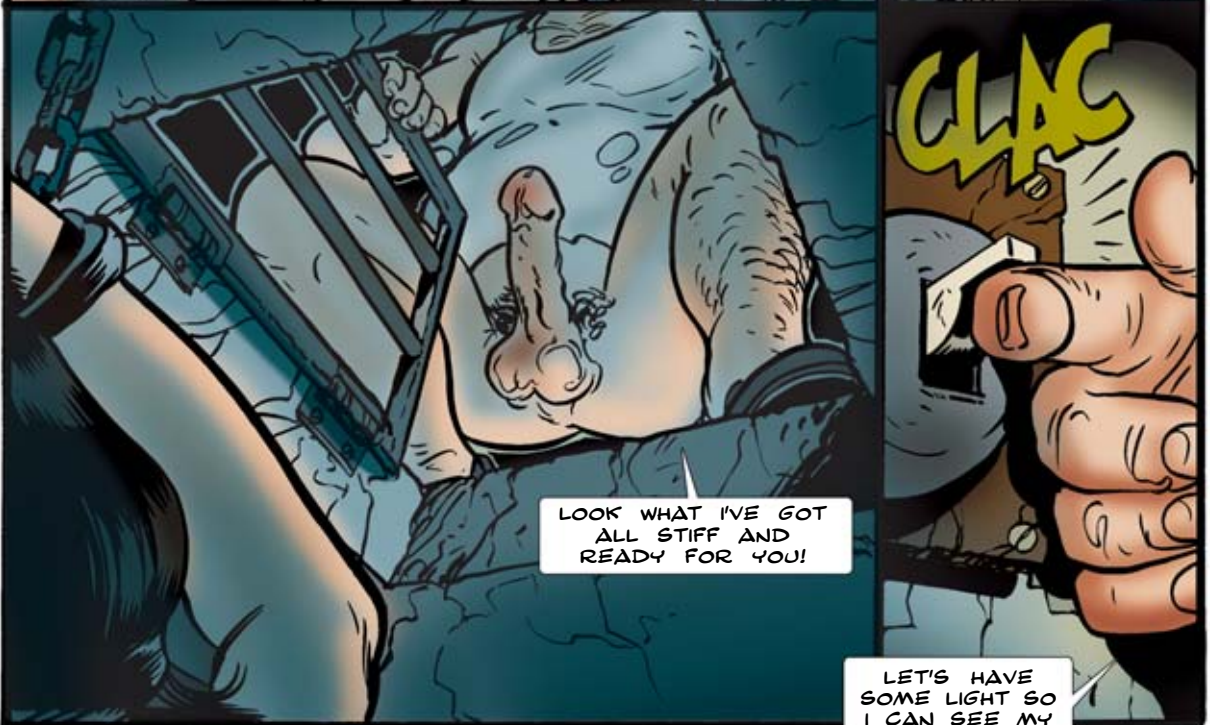


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TEMPLETON



HELLO KITTEN, HAVE YOU MISSED YOUR MASTER?



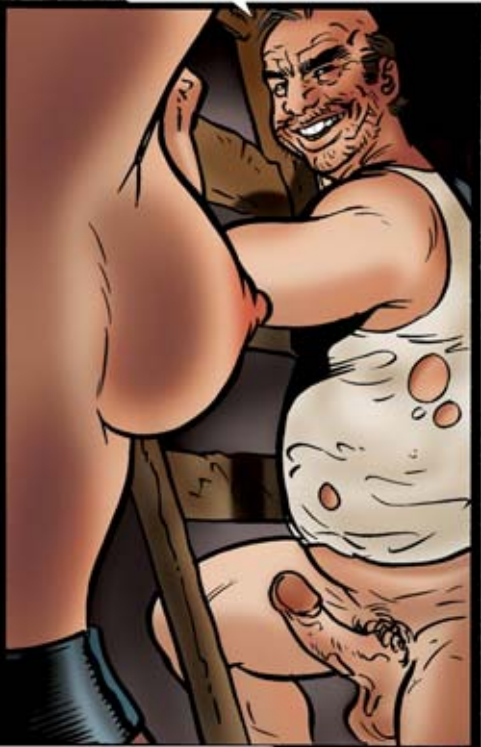
LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT ALL STIFF AND READY FOR YOU!

CLAC

LET'S HAVE SOME LIGHT SO I CAN SEE MY LITTLE SLAVE PROPERLY

FUCKING HELL,
YOU LOOK SO
HOT, KITTEN...
AND WET TOO.
I CAN SEE CUNT
JUICE LEAKING
OUT ALREADY!

MY LITTLE KITTEN'S JUST
PANTING FOR A NICE LONG
COCK... AREN'T YOU?



OH YEAH! A LONG
HARD FUCKING IS JUST
WHAT YOU WANT!



GOD, I LOVE SWOLLEN
TITS... LET ME SQUEEZE
THEM TILL THEY BURST!

WHEN THIS COMES OUT,
NOT A WORD... NOT A
FUCKING WORD, OR ELSE!

OPEN WIDE AND GIVE
YOUR MASTER A
NICE DEEP KISS...



LET ME FEEL YOU... PRESS
THAT HOT YOUNG BODY
AGAINST YOUR MASTER.



NOOOO S-STOP...
PLEEEESE ...
DONT... OH GOD!
LEAVE ME
ALONE!



GOD'S NOT GOIN' TO HELP...
ESPECIALLY STUPID CUNT'S WHO
FORGET TO CALL ME MASTER!

THAT'S EARNED YOU A SESSION WITH THE PADDLE BUT FIRST LETS LOOK AT THE TOY YOU'VE BEEN FUCKING ON ALL NIGHT...



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SHIT! 12 HOURS AND STILL BUZZIN' LIKE A WASP... WHO'S A LUCKY BITCH!



THAT'S IT SLIDE IT ALL DOWN AND SUCK IT REAL CLEAN.



YOU TASTE GREAT KITTEN... BUT PUNISHMENT BEFORE PLEASURE, THAT'S MY RULE...



FUCKING HELL! YOU'RE SO HOT AND SLIPPERY IN THERE.



REMEMBER HOW THIS ONE FEELS, KITTEN? YOU TASTED IT YOUR FIRST DAY HERE...

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, HURTS LIKE HELL BUT DOESN'T TAKE THE SKIN OFF ... YOU WET YOURSELF, REMEMBER?

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NOOOOO, I CAN'T TAKE IT, PLEASE... PLEASE HAVE PITY... MASTER!!!



I'LL JUST STRETCH YOU UP ON TIPTOE THEN YOU CAN REALLY WRIGGLE... READY?

HEY, THAT'S GOOD... BUT TOO LATE, WAY TOO LATE. LET'S UNDO THESE SO YOU CAN DANCE PROPERLY FOR ME...

AN HOUR AND FIFTY SLOWLY PACED STROKES LATER...

GO ON
DANCE, YOU
SULKY BITCH!

YEEEEAAARRRGH!

THAT'S WHAT YOU
WANTED YOU SLAG...
NOW OPEN UP AND
TAKE IT ALL!

MOVE YOU CUNT! SHAKE
THOSE TITS FOR ME!

H-H-HURTING! NAAAAH!
P-P-P-PLEASE DON'T
PUSH.... AAAAAARRRGH!

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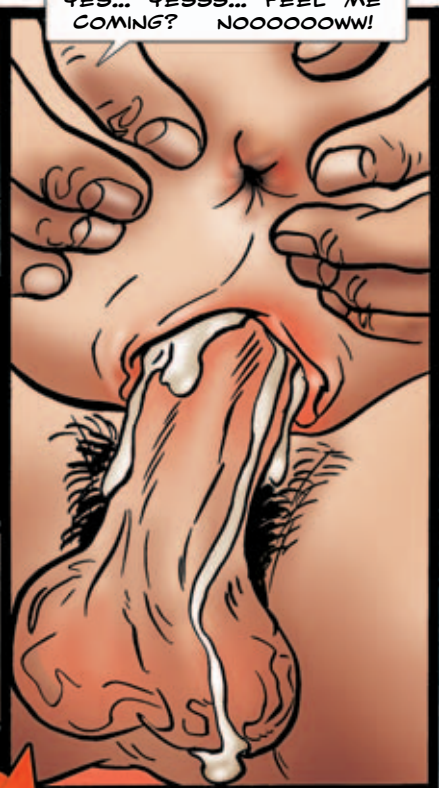
FEEL THAT BITCH?
YEAH? I'LL BITE THEM
TILL THEY BLEED...



YES! OH YES FUCK ME... HARDER,
BITCH, HARDER... SQUEEZE MY COCK!

OH FUCKING HELL... YES,
YES... YESSS... FEEL ME
COMING? NOOOOOOWW!

SIT DOWN, RIGHT
DOWN AND TAKE
IT ALL! NOW, MOVE
YOUR ARSE... GO
ON, RIDE ME
HARD... RIDE ME
YOU FUCKING COW!



PAF!

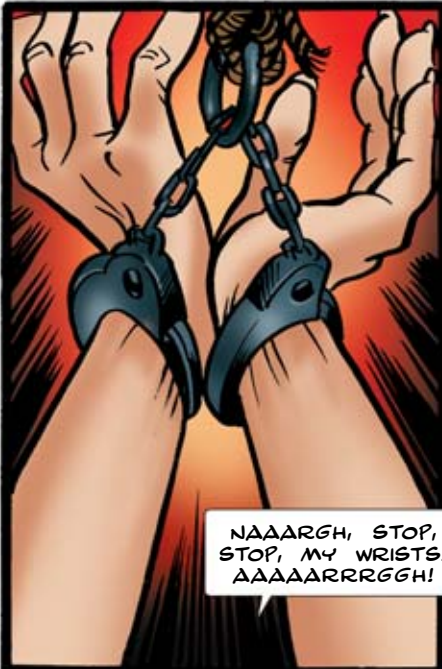
GET OFF ME YOU STUPID
CUNT. STOP FUCKING ME
ABOUT NOW I'VE CUM...

YOU STUPID BITCH...
DON'T KNOW THE FIRST
THING ABOUT SATISFYING
YOU MASTER PROPERLY.
BUT I'LL FIX THAT...
YOU'RE GONNA LEARN
THE HARD WAY!

ZZZIIIIIP

THAT'S IT KITTEN, KEPT LIFTING YOURSELF UP OR THAT METAL COCK WILL DRILL RIGHT THROUGH YOUR WOMB!

NAAAAARRRGH!



NAAARGH, STOP, STOP, MY WRISTS! AAAAAARRRGH!



SHUT UP! ONCE THIS IT RIGHT UP INSIDE YOU'LL STOP MOANING ABOUT YOUR WRISTS...



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STOP SQUEALING, KITTEN, THERE'S A NICE LONG RIDE AHEAD. BUT CHEER UP, WHEN I COME BACK TONIGHT I'LL BRING A GIRLFRIEND TO PLAY WITH YOU!